

Friday Nights by the Black Sea

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In Odessa, a city in my native country, Ukraine, Friday was the last working day of the week. When my parents got off work, they came back home. Then my mother and father took me and we all went to my grandparents' house. My grandmother and grandfather had a big private house behind the Black Sea. It was a very beautiful place. My father's three sisters and their families also came to my grandparents' house.

My grandmother was a good cook. She made dinner for her children and grandchildren. We, in turn, helped her to put all the food on the table. Then the whole family sat down and ate. We spoke about the week that had just passed.

After we ate, my cousins and I went to play in the garden or in a big room. On some days we watched TV, went to the beach, went to the movie theater, or went to the park. It was very interesting because our whole family was together. I loved Friday night.

Two years ago, my father's mother and two of his sisters left for America. His third sister stayed in Odessa with us. Then, every Friday, her family came to our home or we went to her home and did the same things as before. Sometimes we called America and spoke with grandmother and my aunts and cousins.

Since we came to America one year ago, we have kept up our tradition. All of my father's sisters live in Sheepshead Bay, a neighborhood of Brooklyn, New York. Every Friday the whole family goes to my

grandmother's house and we do the same things as we did in Odessa. We eat, talk, watch TV and sometimes go to the beach or to nearby Marine Park.

But now we are older. My grandmother has great-grandchildren and now they play in a big room, just like we did when we were little!

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